UWHARRIE DREAMS

UWHARRIE DREAMS

Volume II

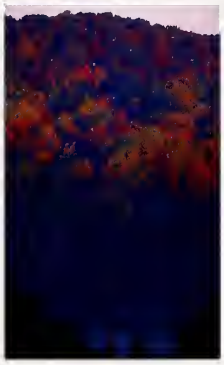
vade nobiscum

This publication is made possible with grants from
RCC Foundation
Dr. Alan Luria

Uwharrie Dreams is published by students and faculty of Randolph Community College.
Content of this magazine does not necessarily reflect any position of Randolph Community College
or the North Carolina Community College System.

©2003 Randolph Community College
P.O. Box 1009
Asheboro, NC 27204-1009

Table Of Contents



Uwharrie Autumn by Chuck Egerton 1
it's startin' by Mari Holt 2
Untitled by Joe Bemis 2
earthenship and Mud Puddle Reflection by Denise C. Fisher 3
% by Denise C. Fisher 4
Nervous by Audrey Sheldon 5
Cosmo Girl by Miranda Brown 6
Decisions by Rhiannon Henley 6
Obsidian by Selena Wolf 7
Common Visions Photo by Chuck Egerton 7
Phone Calls by Jim Pickeral 8
Freedom by Linda Barnes 8
The Wright Stuff by Jason Wright 9
Cowlick by Karen Luther 9
The Carver by Mary Chesson 10
The Carver by Hamilton Chesson 10
Ruby Rose and Illustration by Denise C. Fisher 11
Hurricane by Danielle Lovell 12
Inner Weather by Stace (Tony) Logsdon 12

Uwharrie Winter by Chuck Egerton 13
Winter - city by Nick Logsdon 14
Cityscape by Amanda Tarlton 14
Ice Storm by Melinda Lamb 15
Uwharrie Winter by Kenneth Melvin 15
Diamonds by Loretta Lutman 15
A Woman's Prayer by Teresa B. Davis. 16
Too Soon by Katrin Eismann 16-17
Memory Seeds by Carey Elizabeth Smith 18
Memory Seeds by Lenton Slack 19
Small Dark Olivia by Nick Logsdon 20
Untitled by Stacey Haines 20
Shears by Michelle Hines 21-22
Untitled by Stacey Haines 21
Piper's Call by Rebecca Fleming 23
Nature by Shirley M. Davis 23
Peace? by Greg Van Hoose 23
The Look by SPC Anthony Thompson 24
Photo by Shaun Stanley 24
Waiting by Phil Shore 25
Heartcase by Phil Shore 25
Pioneer Message/Lie by Katrin Eismann 26

Uwharrie Spring by Chuck Egerton 27
Ploy by Lawrence Hammond 28
Wary by Lenton Slack 28
Against the Odds by Laura Baber 29
In Love by David A. Paul 29
Plum Blossom by Jim Pickeral 29
Plum by Chuck Egerton 29
Brown Suga' Baby and Peaches 'n' Cream Mommy by Selena Wolf 30-31
Hope: Life Against the Odds by Loretta Lutman 32-33
Butterfly Cycle by Loretta Lutman 32-33
Our Children: Their Future (excerpt) by Thomas Berry 34-35
Digital Illustration by Greg Van Hoose 34-35
Contributors 36-37
Thank you 38

Uwharrie Autumn

it's startin'

by Mari Holt

it's startin' to be they ask me where I'm from
and I don't even know how to answer anyone

I could say I had a startling start
in the smooth relaxed flat back lands
in a desert direct above the deserted grande
        river that separates soul from man
                ojas from the sands they see

or it could just be beside tumultuous pacific
in the tide pools I cry like a fool for every night
        and mostly sigh during the day
I might easily say that seafoam lane
is where my soul began
        and grew before it got uprooted
to ponderosa pine

nuhuh I would never claim that I'm from north carolina
even if I did come to bud in these backwoods
        the mud here gets in your toes and it stays good
with dirty feet I ran around whinin' 'bout these boondocks
        and then I docked in boone
and cackalacky trapped me
        lovingly in its fist
and I won't shudder 'bout the north state now

cause it's not the kind of soil you're on
        but the state of mind you've found

and I found peace where I least forgot it
thought I'd have to travel the oceans to dock ship
even if I haven't seen the sea
        from the other side I've been there before
healed my heart in lourdes
        and swam the distant shore
to experience nirvana in nepal
to meet my true love in the london fog
        and go wild back in africa

I was after the truths staying still couldn't bring
        and it's been that way from the start
my mind settled on taking my world apart
        and putting it back together again
the nations remaking the shape of my heart
the beauty of places I'd never gone in
        just as real as the places I had
all adding to the laugh that comes from the grin
that comes in the face of my questioners when
        they ask me where I'm from where I'm going where I've been
and
        you learned that accent from what type of wind?
        those feet are arched by what kind of hill?
        what sun put that colour in your hair?
where were you born girl where do you live?

I slip that multilingual smile and answer this:

I come from Everywhere.

Untitled by Joe Bemis

earthenship

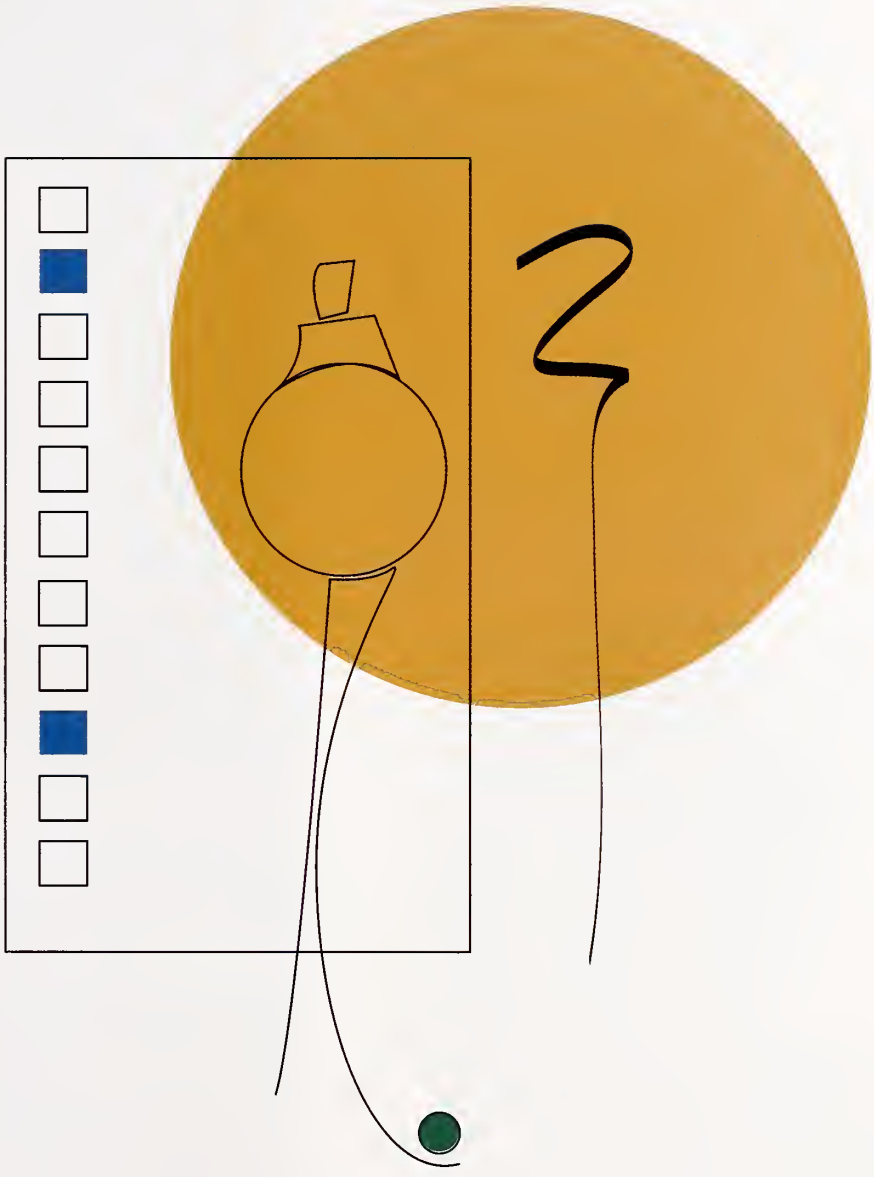
by Denise C. Fisher

one porthole on a blue moon green
launched upon a starcapped sea
one silver rimmed horizon sash
one sunset viridescent flash
rolling through the scroll of night
spinning in supernal light
mistiness enfolded shimmering
this is the home we breathe and live in

Mud Puddle Reflection by Denise C. Fisher

A nervous consensus
Put upon the spot
With synthesis the emphasis
        May be more than be not
A dialectic nightmare of analyzed extremes
That over-wrap each little word it seems...
Or is it seams?
Seams to seam? Seems to seem?
Seems or seams or seem and/or seam...
It seems to be...it seems its seams!
    Seams to seam to seam to seam to steam
And steam and STEAM...
        Oh, me.
It seems not what is meant is steam
But simply just appears to be...
And how does seam connect?
To what is what? Spirit to thought?
Like east to west? Or rest to a quest...
Is male to female? Feeling to intellect?
A puzzling percentage
We seek to clarify...
Sparking invention...so why contention?
When in the finding and the knowing why
Greenness emerges and we unify.

by Denise C. Fisher



Nervous by Audrey Sheldon

COSMO GIRL

by Miranda Brown

I am a Cosmo girl -
From my perfect ponytail
to my beach babe waves
my look is natural.

With my leather belt that dangles,
my waist looks thin.
My chest looks larger
With my push-up bra,
but my look is natural.

I am a Cosmo girl -
Eye shadow - chocolate brown -
will enhance my honey eyes.
Just apply pink passion blush
so my cheekbones are defined,
and still my look is natural.

Spending hours on my hair
To look like I just woke up,
I get that natural look.
'Cause I'm a Cosmo girl -
I read "His Secret Moan Zones"
to enhance my social health.

I am a Cosmo girl -
My natural clothes and make-up
make me look like someone else,
but it's a natural look.

I am a Cosmo girl -
though I naturally want to know
who's left for me to be
since I'm naturally not me.

Makeover by Rhiannon Henley

OBSIDIAN

by Selena Wolf

I am… **amplified** black
my sleek shadow glistening in the Sun's shine
…glittering in the Moon's light
icy coal for the World to burn…

my colors run too **deep**…
…my passions swelter to **dark**

break me…I shall not splinter
my bruises blend with every glimmer…a most glorious gleam
I have no voice yet can speak a thousand tales…
a language long forgotten…
forged in molten fire…
cooled to **smooth** contemplation
I am whole…I am one

for I am amplified **black**

Alisha Pickett at CommonVisions
Photo by Chuck Egerton

Freedom by Linda Barnes

Phone Calls

by Jim Pickeral

Laura was not happy with Tom's decision to go motorcycle riding with his buddy Biker Pic, not happy at all. He knew it was pointless to ask her to go along and she knew the same was true about asking him to not go. She stomped down the hallway and slammed the bedroom door. How could he forget, or more likely, not care that it was their anniversary. He didn't understand what the big deal was.

Tom pulled the choke out, turned on the fuel and kick-started the Harley to life. He zipped up his leather jacket, put on his helmet, slipped the bike into gear and headed off. Laura lay in bed fuming as the motor's sound faded into the distance.

Biker Pic heard his best friend coming down the street, right on time as always. Tom pulled his bike around the back of the house and parked next to Biker Pic's Harley. Their Harleys were almost identical, just a slightly different shade of red.

Even before Tom reached the kitchen door, he detected a familiar smell. It was their favorite way to begin a long day of riding and partying. "Hey, Man, you started without me," Tom said as he came through the door.

"No Brother, I'm just making sure it's good enough for you! Grab a plate." They laughed and slapped each other on the back, glad to be in each other's presence.

"Laura mad?" questioned Biker Pic.

"Yeah," Tom answered dryly. "But she'll get over it by the time we get back."

Tom poured himself a cup of coffee, which he always thought Biker Pic made too strong. They looked over the map together and decided on a general direction, someplace in West Virginia.

The air was cool and crisp on that October morning, and the sun was shining brightly in a cloudless blue sky. It was going to be a great day. They could feel it and as was usual for them, they often knew just what the other was thinking. They looked over at each other with a big grin of sheer delight to be alive and on their Harleys, heading off on another adventure.

It is said that it is the journey and not the destination that is important. Their destination might have been somewhere in West Virginia, but the truth was that whether or not they made it there was irrelevant. It was their usual habit to drink beer all day, find some little hole-in-the-wall bar, eat, drink more cold beer, shooters of schnapps, and then when one of them could barely walk, ride all night back home. The less inebriated of the two would lead the way. Usually this was not a problem.

On this particular outing, it was Biker Pic who had to be led home, but as fate would have it they became separated, and fortunately for Biker Pic, it wasn't until after they were back in familiar territory.

A hundred miles from home Tom's motorcycle broke down. He wheeled over to the shoulder of the interstate to wait for his friend. In a short while he could hear Biker Pic's motor in the distance and breathed a sigh of relief.

Tom was standing on the edge of the highway waving his arms when Biker Pic went by. Biker Pic was on the inside lane and never saw him.

Frustrated and more than a little annoyed, Tom pushed his Harley down the embankment into some bushes and started walking. A very long time later he arrived at an open gas station. He had had a long time to think.

The first phone call Tom made was to Biker Pic. Tom was so relieved to hear his friend's voice on the other end. "Oh, Man. Am I ever glad you are home! Bring your truck and come get me."

"Hold on a minute, Bro," slurred Biker Pic.

The next sound Tom heard was snoring into the phone. The second call Tom made was to Laura. She was not happy, not happy at all, but she was there, as always. It was a quiet ride home, and Tom made a promise to himself that Laura would not spend another anniversary alone.

Cowlick by Karen Luther

The Wright Stuff

by Jason Wright

Two bovines called Beauregard and Gandolph
Live well in the east part of Randolph;
Their owners named Wright
Resist urban blight
By refusing to sell any land off.

The Carver

by Mary Chesson

With the frayed leather apron cradling the wood chips, he sits hunched over the irregular block. His hands are large and strong with swollen knuckles made bulbous from ancient accidents. How to imagine such giant, rough-play hands gently caressing the wood grain as the razor-sharp blade slices through the angular edges with precision. The inner eye has discerned the final form before the skilled fingers have begun the first arc into the skin of the wood; the scalpel is silent as it slices away the layers hiding the curves and angles that will become the final shape forged without heat.

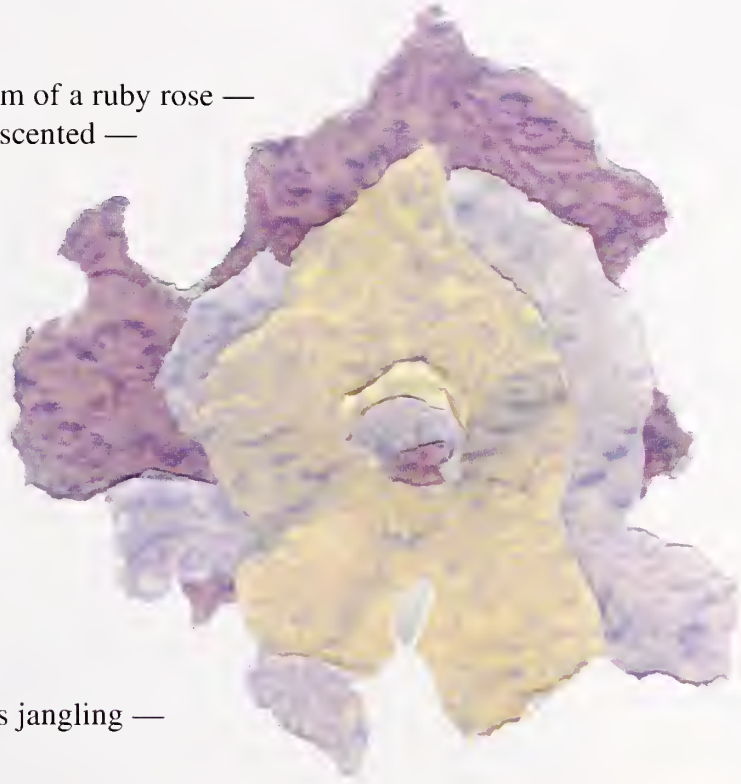
The wonder is not in the skill of the strokes that will craft the swan or supine deer. Rather, it is in the vision of the mind that saw the gnarls and whirls of the wood's lifegrains as they dictated what they wanted the piece to be. He whittles the wood by allowing its heart to speak to him, telling him where to form the curve or how the leg should protrude counter grain to the whole.

As the apron's pockets are filled with aromatic chips that fall like rose petals peeled from the block of wood, his animal takes shape. Hour follows hour with hunched shoulders and uncompromising concentration. He sands and smoothes and polishes so that even I know how the wood became form that was born first in his mind's eye. More than a carver, he is the conduit of the voice of the tree who knew what it could become through the hands and heart of one who knew how to listen.

Ruby Rose

by Denise C. Fisher

(For Nargish)



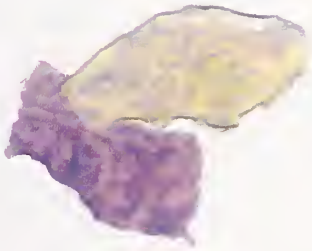
I dream of a ruby rose —
A sari silken scented —
I am a woman.

I live in curried yellow
Shuttling blues
— A lioness.

Flinging wide smiles
I hide my walls of tears
— A survivor.

My memories sway
Like soft rice fields,
In gleaming green pumpkins
Cooling like lotus,
In jewel tones jangling —
I am a Bengali.

But this is my home,
My values and beliefs, my haven —
I am an American.



My hopes dance
Like jazz and folk
And a gospel symphony —
A hundred hills of pink tulips
Spilling in a sitar story —
I am a western harmony.

Though my wheelchair is a window
Sometimes shuttered by a monsoon night —
I am determination.

I read each face — do you see mine?
Like you I walk in a lamed world —
I am– am not – disabled.

Talk with me in the fragrance
Of life's simple lovely glow —
Rare as a true ruby — near as a ruby rose.

Hurricane

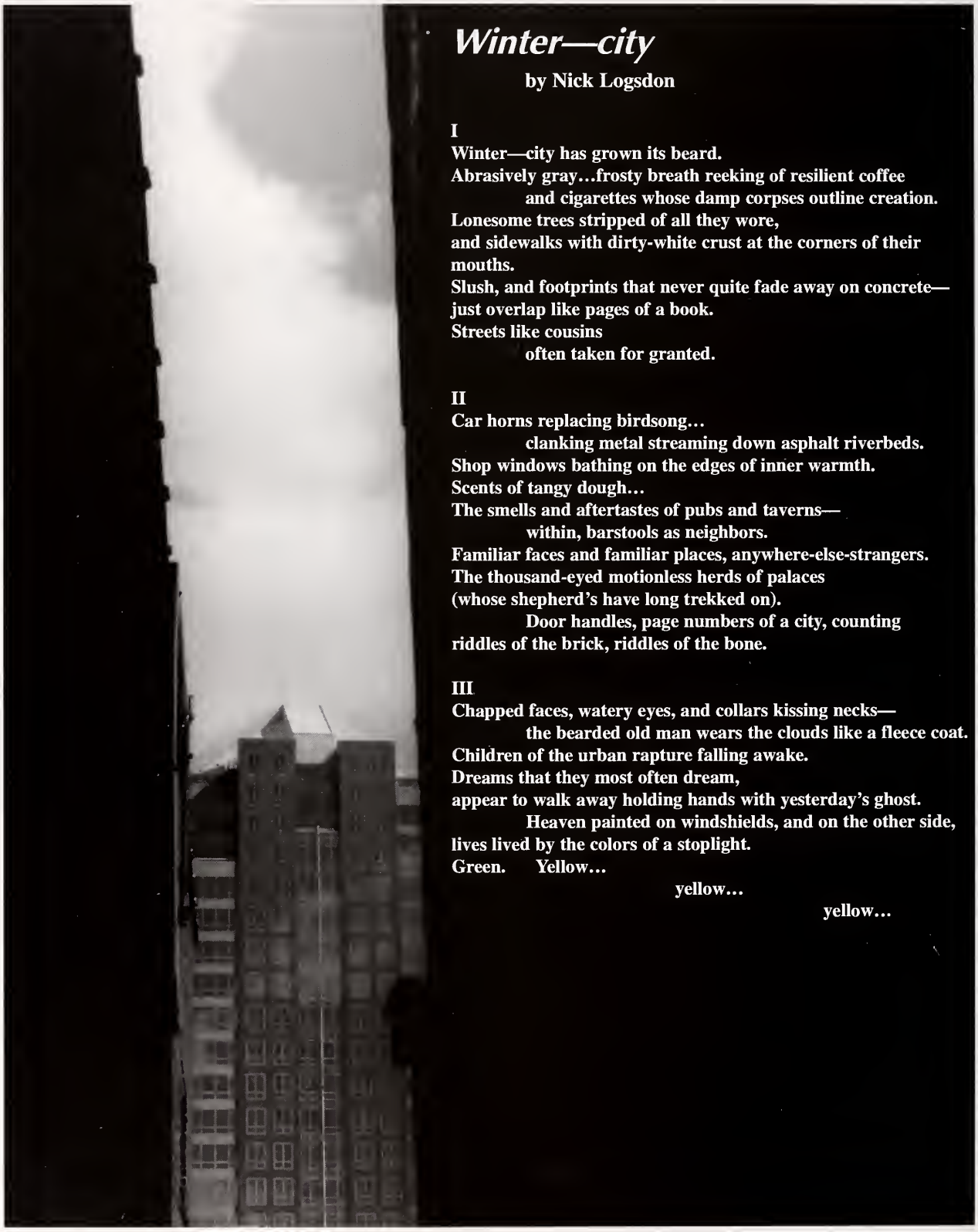
by Danielle Lovell

When it comes, it comes fast
The storm, it talks to you with crackling limbs, entire trunks breaking
Roots emerge from the ground like hands of death
And all you can hear is the gook and gwarble of the earth
Dilating and birthing its children, spawn, minion
That will enter your space and impale you,
Reminding you that nature is not kind
That you were never safe
Transformers burst and power lines sizzle on asphalt
Fires rage in spite of the oceans
That have slipped from their beds
And become the sky
This ocean collapses upon the roof of your shoddy shack
The waters bulge, indent, ellipse the plaster of the ceiling
Water and paste drip all over you,
Casting you, mummifying you,
Clumping you together into some piece of nothing
The paralysis sets in and the storm, it hushes
Ever so slowly, it goes on to the next town
You think it's over so you peel yourself apart
You move again
You open the door, releasing the spores of mildew, germs, disease

The birds have returned
They soar over the wreckage,
The pillaging that has occurred in their absence
The intuition that set them free
Has told them that it's time to come home
They remind the human dwellers
That life remains
Even if their homes are gone
Somewhere mixed with the elements that have toyed with them
The hurt shades in with colors -
Tranquil blues, pure whites, soothing neutrals
There is a painting somewhere in the devastation,
Beauty in the decay

A reconstruction is occurring,
Brewed and beckoned by fate
Now you are implored to rebuild
You yield to what life has given
The hammer is your strength
The nails are change,
The wood is safety and comfort
The rest, the things that come from you,
Are the assurance that brighter days will come

Uwharrie Winter



Winter—city

by Nick Logsdon

I
Winter—city has grown its beard.
Abrasively gray…frosty breath reeking of resilient coffee
and cigarettes whose damp corpses outline creation.
Lonesome trees stripped of all they wore,
and sidewalks with dirty-white crust at the corners of their mouths.
Slush, and footprints that never quite fade away on concrete—just overlap like pages of a book.
Streets like cousins
often taken for granted.

II
Car horns replacing birdsong…
clanking metal streaming down asphalt riverbeds.
Shop windows bathing on the edges of inner warmth.
Scents of tangy dough…
The smells and aftertastes of pubs and taverns—
within, barstools as neighbors.
Familiar faces and familiar places, anywhere-else-strangers.
The thousand-eyed motionless herds of palaces
(whose shepherd's have long trekked on).
Door handles, page numbers of a city, counting riddles of the brick, riddles of the bone.

III
Chapped faces, watery eyes, and collars kissing necks—
the bearded old man wears the clouds like a fleece coat.
Children of the urban rapture falling awake.
Dreams that they most often dream,
appear to walk away holding hands with yesterday's ghost.
Heaven painted on windshields, and on the other side, lives lived by the colors of a stoplight.
Green. Yellow…
yellow…
yellow…

Cityscape by Amanda Tarlton

Ice Storm

by Melinda Lamb

(for Amanda Rivers)

Electric current broken. Icebound house.
Defeated trees crack one by one beneath
the glaze. In one small room a Franklin stove
repels the cold with glowing orange fire.
The mother and the baby play nearby,
while overladen, the father enters
balancing and lowering sticks of wood
to feed the fire; he catches just a glimpse
of tiny fingers reaching toward the flames.

Faster than thought the mother locks her arms
shaping an instant cradle that she rocks
to safety as she falls. In the circle
of her arms the baby squeals, delighted
as she rolls above him and then beneath–
then he is riding on her stomach as
she folds his errant fingers in her own–
without the slightest break or flicker in
the electrifying power of love.

Diamonds by Loretta Lutman

Uwharrie Winter

by Kenneth Melvin

Ice on oaks
Electricity hindered
Dark lull brings us together

A Woman's Prayer

by Teresa B. Davis

I pray

that we women will never again have our feet bound
for the sake of beauty or silent steps. I hope
we will never again allow a breast compressed flat
or seared off for fashion or fancy.

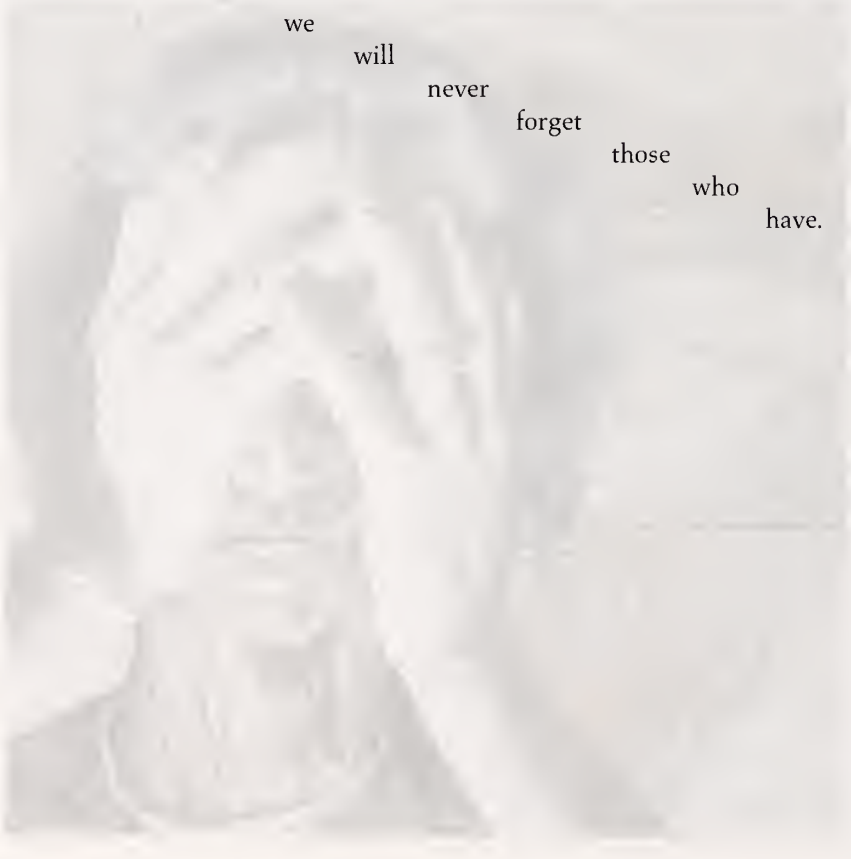
I pray

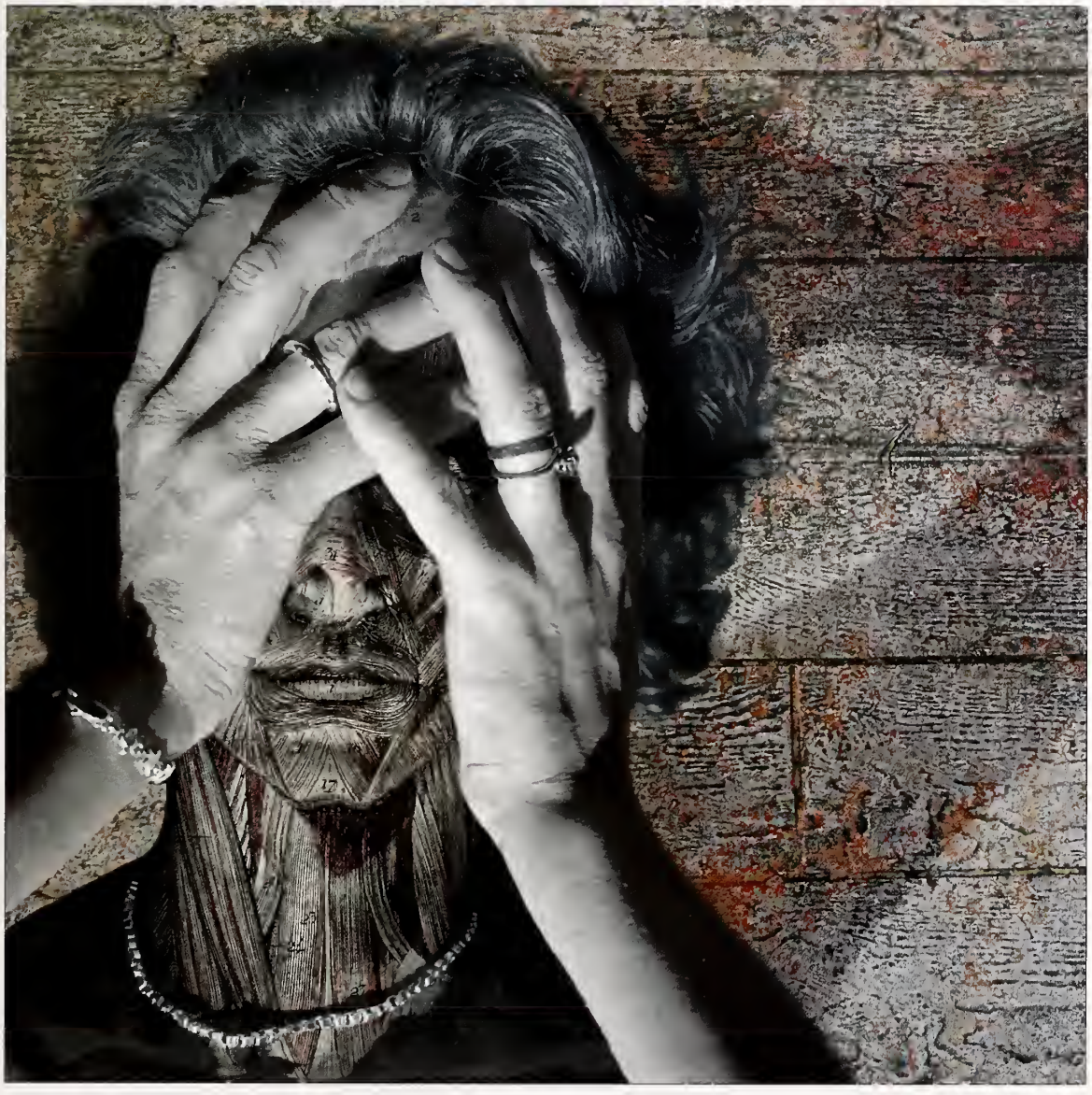
that we women will never again have the breath choked
from our bodies or be starved for the sake of size. I hope
that we will never allow ourselves to die
because no one believes us.

I pray

that we will never again suffer bitter violence. I also pray that

we
will
never
forget
those
who
have.





Too Soon by Katrin Eismann

Memory Seeds

by Carey Elizabeth Smith

Winter days are mere bridges to the long,
sensuous nights of darkness and dreams.
One night, a gourd hollowed out,
rounded yet empty on the table;
seeds drying in colored bowls in the window.
Turquoise, orange, purple and green of limes, twilight,
persimmons and warm, tropical, sea water.

Memory seeds of my life with my father
And all that I treasured and stored carefully
in the pulp of my body. Carved out now,
cavernous with waiting through the months of
missing him after death.

In every bowl, a seed offering the past.
The tigers we touched while he was still strong
enough to walk, laughter, stories, his fierce and
gentle love for his family and friends,
holding his hand as we ice skated through the silence
of a Sunday morning. Steel drum bands, birds,
dancing, trees, gardens, parties, blue sparkling eyes.
Generosity spilling over into me,
into all those who knew him, into these bowls.

All of it, remembered and forgotten,
here in these seeds. When I waken,
I will choose slowly with clear eyes
which ones to plant in this new womb
of my being.

December 2002

Small dark Olivia

by Nick Logsdon

Small dark Olivia,
Maybe you should lay your head down.
A ladder is hanging from Heaven,
But has yet to reach the ground.

Closet full of bones and no churchyard to bury them in,
Keeping them close for comfort,
You told me that the sun is your father,
And your mother, the moon.
Strangers for sisters and brothers -
Traded them all in for a needle and a spoon.
Somewhere out there, maybe the mire,
Is that where you keep your garden?
You tend to such beautiful flowers,
What do you call them, Blood of Hephaistos and Unicorn Root?

A dreamless location...

when did everything change
I would have plucked the stars
from the curtain of night for you
separated the salt from the sea
just for you

...a broken sailing ship in the harbour.

Please watch over me as I'll be making my way
Through another day, alone.

Small dark Olivia,
I hope it was soft when you laid your head down.
A ladder is hanging from Heaven,
And it has just touched the ground.

Shears

by Michelle Hines

Vera Louise Hale was the most powerful woman in Asheboro. She was the hairdresser.

The women of Asheboro depended on her for well-sculpted heads and the latest gossip. On any given afternoon, the tiny salon across from the diner would be full of women - young, old, older-than-that. Vera's Beauty Shop was housed in a small brick storefront on Sunset Avenue. The sign out front featured a big blue-and-white silhouette of a lady's head. Inside, the place was a humid box of talk and the scents of perfume, hair, and cigarettes. Desperate women were everywhere, and Vera knew them all. She knew their names. She knew their lifestyles. But most importantly, she knew their vanities.

Vera chuckled silently as her customers skimmed the movie magazines for "do" ideas, flipping nonchalantly past the "Buy War Bonds" ads. Some ideas were just ridiculous. She nearly bit the end off her Camel cigarette the day Helen Putnam plopped down in her chair and asked for the "Ginger Rogers look, sweetie." Helen Putnam was a plump lady in her sixties who would need size-ten triple-E tap shoes if she ever decided to dance. But Vera humored her. She cut her hair as usual, then poured on the compliments.

"Mrs. Putnam," she fibbed, "you really must change your name to Ginger. It suits you."

Vera did bite off the end of her Camel a week later when Sarah Morton told her Mrs. Ginger Putnam had actually taken her advice. Then there was Roxy Drucker, who wanted to look like Clark Gable, but nobody talked about that.

All the ladies trusted Vera. They slept or listened to the radio or talked while she worked her magic with the shears. Most of them even refrained from looking in the mirror until they got home. All she had to do was give them a little note of assurance - a little "You have such nice, thick hair" or "How did you get such pretty skin?" - and they were happy. Her skill and judgment were beyond question: She was from Raleigh.

Vera Hale had actually lived just outside Raleigh in a rented house with her husband and two cats, close enough to hear the city noises if you left your windows open. She never downplayed this fact. In a small town like Asheboro, Raleigh meant the City and the City meant chic. Being from Raleigh was good for business, and with her own special savvy, Vera had built up a loyal clientele.

She had come to Asheboro about a year before, not long after Pearl Harbor, when Jim had been drafted. It was probably because they didn't have children, he told her. And they probably never would at this rate, she told him. Jim found her a room in a nice hotel, the Ashlyn, in a nice, quiet town, Asheboro.

Vera loved Asheboro. She liked knowing everyone, playing gin rummy with the girls, indulging in her customers' hair fantasies. The only things she didn't like were the "Uncle Sam Wants You!" billboards all over town. They reminded her of Jim, probably dodging Nazi bullets somewhere in France or Belgium. Uncle Sam was for the naive. Despite outward appearances, Vera-Louise was a lonely woman who missed her husband.

Sometimes, when she had a little free time, Vera would wander toward the city cemetery not far from the hotel. Leaning against an old oak that shaded the dead, she gazed at a decaying stone statue. It was the statue of a woman, her arms beginning to crumble and her face blackened with moss. To Vera, she was beautiful and horrible. In her long flowing gown, with her solemn expression, she looked like an angel there to welcome and watch over the dead. She made Vera tremble.

Jim wrote as often as he could, and the customers considered any news from him an extra treat. Vera often entertained them with his stories from the front, exaggerating a bit at times. She enjoyed telling the stories as much as the ladies enjoyed hearing them. Those stories kept Jim alive.

"You have a brave husband, Vera-Louise," Sue Johnson told her this warm spring afternoon.

Vera flashed a false smile. She hoped Jim wasn't too brave. These women didn't seem to understand that

bravery was just one more way of getting killed. Bravery was being shot at instead of having your morning coffee - admirable but foolish.

She fastened the last pink curler on Mrs. Galloway's permed head. "You'll be a good forty minutes, Jane. I think I'll take a quick break."

Vera knew she'd better hurry. Sue Johnson was next and the late-afternoon customers were already filing in. She removed her yellow plastic gloves and opened the small white door that needed painting. A bell rang to announce her departure.

"Right back," she said. But no one was listening; the gossip fest had already begun. Vera stepped quickly out onto Sunset, careful not to slip in her heels. Joe Morton watched her from his diner.

"Looked all right to me," he later reported, trying to explain the events of the next hour.

As far as anyone could tell, Vera had walked straight down Sunset toward the imperious Ashlyn.

"She was OK when she first came in," recalled Johnny Walker, the boy who worked the front desk. He did recall, however, that her demeanor had changed when he handed her a telegram the deliveryman had left for her. Oblivious and grinning, he handed her the telegram – a message from the War Department informing her matter-of-factly of her husband's death. She had slipped it nervously into her handbag and headed up to her room. Fifteen minutes later, she had come back through the lobby, a bit unsteady on her feet.

The salon was stuffy and warm, and Vera felt almost nauseated as she came back into it. At least ten women were talking and smoking. They just nodded when they saw her. She noticed Mrs.Galloway in the overstuffed barber's chair. Vera didn't say a word but let her sleep. Quietly, she led Sue Johnson to the sink for a wash. Sue was a tall, slender woman with longish black hair and blue eyes. Vera always secretly envied Sue. Her own red hair and freckles were a constant source of embarrassment. Jim always called her Spot or Freckle Face.

"I've decided to go red like you, Vera," Sue told her. "Can you match your shade?"

Vera nodded and reached for the knob on the small Philco radio she kept in the salon. As the dial lit up with a warm orange glow, the Andrews Sisters came pouring out of the round speaker.

HE WAS A SWINGIN' TRUMPET MAN FROM DOWN CHICAGO WAY…

Vera set furiously to work on Sue, dousing her black hair with a henna rinse.

…TOP MAN AT HIS CRAFT! BUT THEN HIS NUMBER WAS UP AND HE WAS GONE WITH THE DRAFT…

She scanned the room to see if anyone was watching her. Nope. They were all too busy talking. Her hands took on a life of their own as she reached for the peroxide bottle. Like an automaton, she squirted the stuff onto Sue's hair, rubbing it skillfully into the scalp to join the henna rinse. Then she covered Sue's head with a towel and went back to finish Mrs. Galloway.

BA BA BA BOOOOOOOOHRI-ATTA BOOOOOOOOHRIATTA, BOP BOP HE BLEW IT EIGHT TO THE BAR, IN BOOGIE RHYTHM…

She was swaying to the music now as she unwrapped the perm cap from Mrs. Galloway's head. The silver-gray hair now hung in hundreds of tiny, tight curls. Vera, moving in rhythm, rinsed out the perm solution, then set about trimming the ends with her shears. The scissors danced across Mrs. Galloway's hair, leaving frizzy, jagged spires behind them.

"Almost done?" Mrs. Galloway asked.

Vera shook her head. She toweled the woman dry, rewrapped her head in the towel, seated her in a sturdy chair at the rear of the shop, and handed her a *Photoplay* magazine.

The song had changed now. The Sisters were singing the praises of "Rum and Coca Cola." Vera rumba-ed her way across the room and toward Sue Johnson. Sue smiled at her, tapping her feet in unison.

…OUT ON MANSANELLA BEACH, G.I. ROMANCE WITH NATIVE PEACH. ALL NIGHT LONG MAKE TROPIC LOVE, NEXT DAY SIT IN HOT SUN AND COOL OFF…

Vera shuffled in circles around Sue, rinsing the chemicals from her pale green hair. She deftly secured a few curlers, careful to replace the towel quickly. She glanced around again. Still, no one had noticed. Ten women were jabbering like mad in the chairs by the doorway. She rumba-ed Sue Johnson over to one of the large metallic dryers.

….DRINKIN' RUM AND CO-CAH CO-LAH…

Vera waited, moving in box steps beneath the film star glossies tacked to the wall.

…WORKIN' FOR THE YAAAAN-KEE DOLL-AHHHH.

Ten minutes later, Vera switched off the radio. She led the two ladies back to her station, keeping their chairs back-to-back as much as possible. Her skilled hands flew as she brushed out one pitiful head, then the other. She moved maniacally between Sue and Mrs. Galloway, spraying and spit-curling and combing.

Finally, Vera whirled the two chairs around to face one another. She climbed onto the long speckled counter, still wielding the can of hairspray and the shears, looking down on the rest of the world in her dress and high heels.

"NEXXXT!" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

They heard her now. The next few seconds were a painful series of takes and double takes.

Mrs. Johnson looked at Mrs. Galloway and gasped, "Jane!"

Mrs. Galloway looked at Mrs. Johnson and screamed, "Sue!"

The customers waiting near the doorway looked at Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Galloway and hollered, "Sue! Jane!"

Mrs. Galloway turned to look in the gold mirror behind. "My God!" she cried. "I look like one of the Marx Brothers!" Nobody ventured an opinion as to which brother, and Myra Martin had the presence of mind to order Sue Johnson not to look.

Then came the collective cry of anguish: "Veeeeeerraa!"

But Vera-Louise was laughing hysterically. She snatched up her handbag, clutching it tightly, and walked through the little white door, leaving Vera's Beauty Shop, Asheboro, and the angel behind her.

The Piper's Call

by Rebecca Fleming

There is a stirring in the hearts of men, young
and old alike: the echoes of battles past, of
battles to come.
A master strong and powerful, calls the memories
of glories old, and slights and jests; the visions
that stoke the fire.
In every heart's ear there rings, sweet
and melancholy, a melody of incomparable,
unequaled persuasion:
The Piper's Call.
Each passing day the melody grows clearer, until
at last, the men and boys march down the streets,
obeying the urge within.
The strange sad song leads them on, driving
them forward, lighting a fire in their spirits,
taking them to battle.
One by one they fall, and follow the sound no more,
yet still the music, the never-ending melody
plays for future ages:
The Piper's Call.

Nature

by Shirley M. Davis

A stormy season
Thunder and lightning compete
Rain waters the earth

A stormy season
Thunder and missiles conspire
Blood waters the earth

Peace? by Greg Van Hoose

The Look

Reflections of SPC Anthony Thompson in Kuwait
March 26, 2003

Hi, how are you? I'm ok, I guess. I hope this letter finds you. I've been in Kuwait a little over a month. It's not bad yet. I hope to hear from you. I saw something today that brought back a lot of memories, and usually I can get my thoughts out on paper to you and feel comfortable doing so.

Anyway, I have been on this radio watch since I've been here and have been working with some Infantry guys from Indiana. They are really good guys. Most are real young and have never been anywhere before. They got orders to go north into Iraq last night. This morning when I got off work I looked for a few to say good luck. There is never a good-bye in times like these. I was talking to their Lieutenant and a couple of others and I saw it: "the Look." It was there. I've seen it before. It's the look you get when you know it's real now. You are excited, but uncertain. You know this is what you train for. You know this is your job, but the not knowing is scary. "The Look" is excitement and pride built on a foundation of fear and uncertainty. I've had "the Look."

A good friend in the Marines had "the Look." We both went to Haiti. I came back and helped carry his coffin. In times like these you look out for each other, but when you carry your friend back from a patrol on your back after you told him we'd be ok, it hurts.

I broke my own rule. I got too close to these guys. What if it happens to them? They are all from the same town. They are all friends. How will they be able to tell their buddy's mom or wife, "Johnny didn't make it home: I did my best"?

That's the worst part of "the Look." God, I hope they don't have to do that. I guess dying would be the easy part. It's your friends left in turmoil. What would happen if someone has to tell my friends I didn't make it. I know it's my job. I have had the best training in the U.S. I belong to the greatest military in the greatest country in the world. However, I find myself thinking, what if...? Oh shit, I have "the Look."

Photo by Shaun Stanley

I miss my daughter so much it hurts. I have never loved someone so much in all my life. I hope I am a good father to her. Every day I think of her. I got some new pictures from her yesterday. She 'paints' a lot at day care. She's quite the little artist, a trait I cannot take credit for. How will she turn out if I don't make it? Will she be better off or worse?

Well, I guess I have taken up enough of your time. Thank you,

Anthony Thompson

Waiting

by Phil Shore

Memories brought back by the first full day of war in Iraq, March 20, 2003

I want to describe for you a paved lot.

In April of 1969 I rode an olive drab Thomas school bus through gates marked *U.S. Army Mortuary Nha Xac Luc Quan Hoa Ky Remove Headgear While In Compound.* The road we had taken wound over the back end of the runways at Tan Son Nhut Air Force Base, barely out of the city limits of Saigon, Republic of Vietnam, yet on the fringe of the surrounding jungle. I had no earthly or interplanetary idea where I was.

The bus stopped and all the men on board got off. Through the vagaries of military assignment procedures, I had arrived at my first day of work in this unexpected place, a place I stupidly had not even imagined to exist. I then worked in this compound for two years.

The paved lot where the bus parked is the lot I want you to know about. Paving things was a way of stabilizing the soil and preventing an explosion of growing things. The whole compound was paved. Black stuff stopped green stuff long enough to perform the missions of handling human remains and seeing to the disposition of the money and possessions of recently deceased servicemen.

Oh, sing a song of how many ways there are to die when nothing is as you have always expected it to be. Where there aren't any girls to talk to and everyone is packing a weapon and it's hot and alien as hell. Even the dogs looked odd. Nothing was straight up. Every aspect of daily life had a crimp or a crook or a bend.

Most everyone wanted to go home.

The predisposition to malicious mishap was as wide open as the mouth of a venus flytrap on a sunny day. It is not commonly mentioned how many victims of accidents, criminal homicides, and suicides have their names inscribed on the Wall.

Not everyone was KIA. But they're all homicides, aren't they, even the socially condoned and praised ones?

Think of all the death that came to the US Army Mortuary, Saigon. The morgue was open for business twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, just like Las Vegas.

When one steps off the bus the first day, the tenth day, the fiftieth day, the hundredth day, the three hundredth day, two senses are assaulted immediately. A smell like that of ripe road kill is pervasive, but forgotten after a few minutes. A roaring sound comes from a large generator powering the compound. This behemoth is the only source of current for lights, electric typewriters, fans, radios, Stryker saws, refrigeration units where partial remains are stored pending anthropological analysis (each unit was built to hold a stretcher; a stretcher might have only femur resting on it).

But don't look back toward Tan Son Nhut, with the jungle on one side and the mined grassy plain on the other. Look out toward the emptiness at the rear of the compound, with the jungle on one side and the mined grassy plain on the other. Sitting on the tarmac, waiting, are rows of stacks of aluminum boxes called transfer cases.

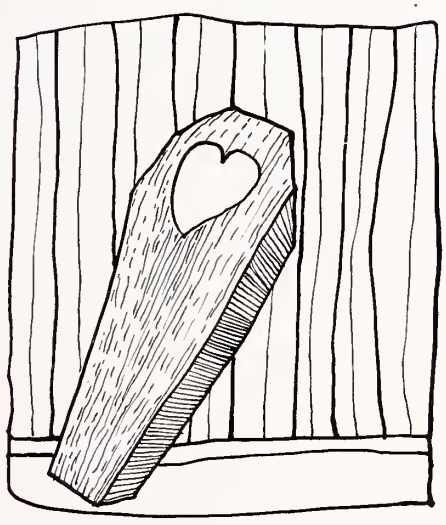
They are reminiscent of coffins. But these are not coffins; they are vented shipment boxes, hundreds of them, waiting to be packed with dead boys, their jaws sewn shut with butcher's floss, their eyelids held down by rough little caps applied to the eyeballs, the corpses dusted with antibacterial powder and wrapped up in winding sheets, then twisted into an outer wrapping of plastic sheeting.

The cruelest word I use in this description is "waiting". It was known that these boxes would be needed, planned for, and so supplied and made ready. Waiting for a fill up known to be coming. Planned for as a by-product of war. Supplied as a normal item. Made ready for the dead boys. All of this was done on purpose. But the question lingers: With a purpose?

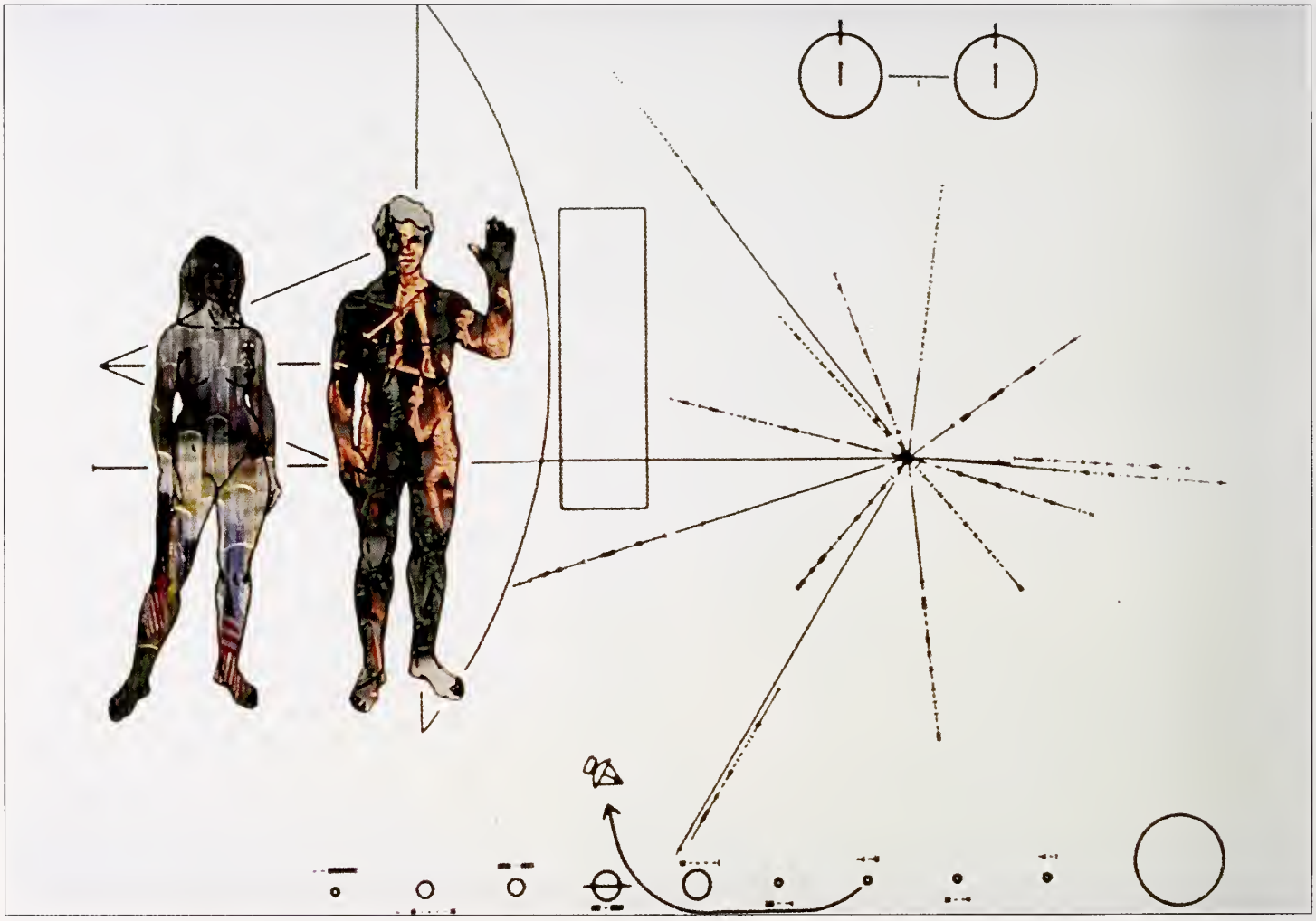
I once mentioned to my daughter that there were 58,000 names of men listed on the Wall and that a statue had been erected honoring the eight women killed in Vietnam. My daughter did not see this as a comment on human tragedy, but as eloquent commentary on which sex was less intelligent. Perhaps she is correct.

The gender one-sidedness of Vietnam era casualties will soon begin a dramatic process of equalization. Then the intelligence of both men and women will be suspect. The rigors of military life build strong character—if they don't kill you.

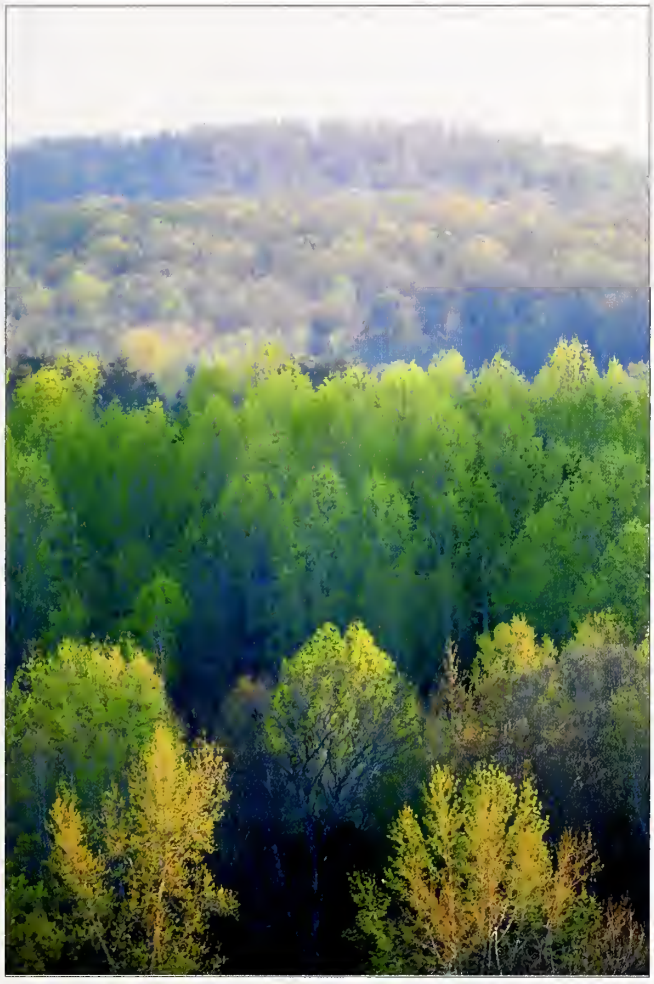
Somewhere on a sandy flat place, without paving probably, everything being so new, I think you can count on there being rows of stacks of waiting boxes. The paving will come later.



Heartcase by Phil Shore



Pioneer Message/Lie by Katrin Eismann

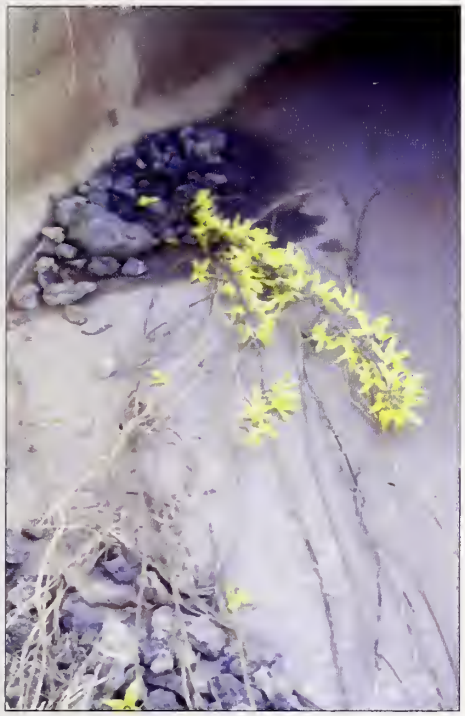


Uwharrie Spring

Ploy

by Lawrence Hammond

The heron hates my fly rod.
I don't see her nest - or her -
Until she limps painfully
Down the bank, dragging
A wing. I'd give her a fish
if she'd have it. But she won't.
So I'll give her an Oscar.



Against the Odds by Laura Baber

In Love

by David A. Paul

All around your lovely face,

the mountain laurel waves with grace.

Plum Blossom

by Jim Pickeral

Tiny white blossoms
Glistening in morning dew
Taste like jasmine tea.

Plum by Chuck Egerton

Brown Suga' Baby, Peaches 'n' Cream Mommy

by Selena Wolf

Nena wakes up to the sound of her mother, Maggie, taking a shower. The rushing sound of the water is very clear through the thin walls of their tiny apartment. It had given Nena a wonderful dream about a rushing river with fish, tall friendly trees whisking in the wind. Uh, oh! All that rushing water! Nena pops up out of bed and rushes to the bathroom down the hall. Adorned in her favorite purple Winnie-the-Pooh footie pajamas, minus the footie part due to a growth spurt, she crosses the hallway. The semi-polished wood floor is cold on her bare feet. Nena gets on her hands and knees and peers through the space between the floor and the door of the bathroom. Then with tiny fingers outstretched, she politely tries to get her mother's attention,

"Mommy… can I use the potty, pleeease?" The shower then shuts off, and a few seconds later the bathroom door opens. A cloud of shampoo-scented steam wafts into the hallway as her mom appears in a shabby bathrobe with a towel wrapped around her head. Nena rushes past her,

"Do you need any help?"

"No, thank you, I'm ok."

"Okie-dokie, have you picked out what you want to wear yet?"

"Not yet." Nena finishes up and heads to her room. Maggie always lets Nena pick out her own clothes first and then makes modifications if the need arises.

A few minutes later, Nena appears in her mom's doorway with a bundle of clothes. She hops up on the bed and watches her mom while she brushes her red hair. Maggie sees her daughter's reflection in the mirror, "So… are you gonna get dressed or sit there and look silly all day?"

"Sit here and look silly." Nena smiles and ducks under the covers. It was always warmer to get dressed under the blankets on these brisk mornings. After wiggling about for nearly ten minutes, she emerges dressed in her red Osh-Kosh overalls unbuckled and slightly twisted to the left, white turtle neck half folded and untucked, and hair frizzed out to a mile like a massive brown halo. Her mother tries to refrain from laughing,

"Well… now that's a look! Whatta ya say we try to tame that a bit?" Maggie picks up her trusty pink comb and goes to work. Before the comb even touches her hair, Nena shrugs up her shoulders, scrunches her nose up and makes a sound resembling a spider monkey's cry for help.

"Oo…oo…ow…OWIE!!!!!!" she cries out.

"What!? I didn't even start yet!"

"But it hurts!" Nena turns on the 'make-you-feel-bad-for-me' tears. She's always been 'tender-headed' and really good at making her mom feel guilty about it.

"Ok, ok…stop looking at me like that… let's try something else." Maggie parts the frizzy halo down the middle, gathers each half in a puffy ponytail and snaps a rubber band around it.

"There! That should last about an hour or so."

Now resembling Princess Leia gone haywire, Nena gives her mom a toothy grin, "Thank you Mommy."

"Yeah, yeah… you're welcome; now go brush your teeth."

"Ok," Nena happily hops off her mother's lap and skips to the bathroom.

At around a quarter to eight, Nena and Maggie are headed to the car about twenty minutes too late.

"Damnit!"

Nena glowers at her mother.

"I know…I'm sorry. Mommy is just feeling a little frustrated right now because we're running late again and have less than fifteen minutes to get across town."

Maggie grabs her purse and hands Nena her prized little red LL Bean backpack she received from her aunt. Maggie tucks Nena into her massive pink and gray coat, which at one point may have been red and white (but who can tell?); she grabs a few more things off the kitchen counter, hoists Nena onto her hip and makes a mad dash for the car. Maggie straps Nena into her car seat and the girls are finally on their way.

Nena watches the tops of the trees fly and realizes she feels dizzy. Meanwhile, Maggie nervously watches the fuel gauge as it lingers dangerously above 'E'. Today is payday, so hopefully she can make it to the daycare center, work, the bank and then the gas station before she runs out.

Nena, while off in her private world, ponders why grownups curse so much and how she can prevent it from spreading. Then she remembers a trick her teacher uses.

"Ms. Cohill says we owe her a nickel any time we say a bad word. I'll keep track for you, Mommy."

"Thanks, sweetie, but couldn't I just pay you in kisses?"

Nena will hear none of that, "Sorry… kisses don't buy ice cream."

Maggie pulls up to the entranceway of the daycare. It's the kind of place that looks more like a home than a daycare center, safe and warm, like a blue two-story blanket. Shaded by huge oak trees, soft grass spreads across the playground like a rich, green carpet and there are plenty of playground toys … the swings are certainly Nena's favorites; it's truly a child's wonderland.

The inside is as inviting as the outside. It is split up into three sections: the toddlers' room, the children's room, and the big kids' room; Nena is in the children's room. It's set up to accommodate children in every way, from the furniture to the many books scattered about.

The smell of hot biscuits and gravy emanates from Ms. Ruby's kitchen, sweetly beckoning outsiders to come in and stay a while. Nena is prone to sneaking back to hang out in the kitchen with Ms. Ruby. Nena's the official 'quality control' person, which just means she's a professional 'snitcher.'

Maggie helps Nena with her coat and they both decide to look for Ms. Cohill. In order to know Ms. Cohill you must first need to know the love of a familiar stranger, someone who would invite a young child and her single mother into her life without any question; or just think of the feeling a cup of hot chocolate gives you on a bitterly cold day: that's Ms. Cohill in a nutshell. She often takes Nena on weekend trips

to church, where Nena sits astounded by the gloriously loud women of the congregation jumping up in jubilation and shouting with arms outstretched and clapping towards heaven, "Yes, Jesus! Hallelujah! Amen," and then settling back into their seats to fan themselves with pamphlets or folded paper fans.

Nena would lovingly watch Ms. Cohill rhythmically rock back and forth and hum along to the gospel hymns, every now and then looking at Nena and smiling as if to say "I'm so glad you're with me." That is only a smidgen of what she's brought to Nena and her mother.

Maggie and Nena soon find Ms. Cohill helping a little boy with his coat. She looks up and sees them in the doorway. Her face lights up and she reaches her arms out to Nena.

"Well, good mornin', Sunshine! Now come over here and give me some suga'." Nena runs over to Ms. Cohill and gives her a big hug and a kiss.

Maggie hangs Nena's coat in her cubby, "I really appreciate your taking Nena last weekend. It was nice to have a breather."

"Oh, think nothin' of it. I'd like you both to come to church with me next weekend if you could; we're havin' a barbecue and I know how much Nena loves barbecue!" They both smile at each other as they watch Nena's ears perk up at the words 'bar-be-cue.'

"Can we, Mommy, pleeeease?"

"We'll definitely try our best." Maggie leans down to give Nena a hug and a kiss. "Well, I gotta get to work, so I'll leave you with Ms. Cohill. See you this afternoon all right, sweetie?"

"Ok, bye Mommy," Nena waves at her mom as she leaves through the front door.

Later that day, while Nena and her classmates are coloring, Ms.Cohill enters with a big cardboard box and announces, "We've got a surprise for you today." She sets the box down in the middle of the table and starts to unload its contents. She sets a yellow box with green stripes on each of the children's tables. Nena quickly grabs the box set on hers and opens it. She finds a wonderful rainbow of slender, perfectly sharpened crayons. These are so much better than the brick-type ones that only come in red, yellow, blue, and green. Nena is half tempted to hide her box or at least take the colors she thinks are the prettiest. Instead she decides that it would be unfair not to share the wonders of these colors with her friends, besides the fact that everyone at her table is beginning to glare at her, "Come on, Nena! We wanna see, too!"

Nena snaps back, "I was just tryin' to open it!"

Ms. Cohill hears the commotion and decides to sit at Nena's table to help keep the peace. "Are we all getting along over here?"

The children answer in unison, "Yes, Ms. Cohill."

One of the little girls, Megan, asks Ms. Cohill if she would tell them what each of the colors is called.

"Ok, but this could take some time." The fact that the box has over 60 different colors may take a rather long time. Nena picks up a light blue crayon and hands it to Ms. Cohill, "This one please."

"Now, let's see... Sky Blue."

"Can we only color skies with it?"

"No, darling, you can color whatever you want with it."

After a while, almost all the colors have been named and by now most of the children have become disillusioned with the game. It seems that the enjoyment of just seeing the color on paper has outweighed the need to know its name.

Nena is not so impatient. She picks up a light brown one,

"What's this one called?"

"Brown Sugar... and look," she puts the crayon to Nena's arm, "Looks just like you, doesn't it?"

"Yup," she picks up another slightly lighter in shade and tone, "This one?"

"Peaches 'n' Cream."

"This one is Mommy." Nena clutches both crayons and rubs each one on her paper, side by side. "See... that's us!" She picks out a much darker shade of brown and rubs it next to the others on the paper. Nena hands it to Ms. Cohill, "This one?"

"Chocolate Brown."

"Jus' like you!"

Ms. Cohill smiles and gives Nena a hug, "Nothin's sweeter than you, baby girl!" Nena giggles and goes to put the crayons back in the box.

"Those don't go there," snaps a toe-headed, blue-eyed girl named Kerstin.

She blocks the crayon box with her pudgy little hands, "You can't mix the colors up. The browns go here and the pinks go there." She grabs the crayons from Nena and puts them in her designated spots.

Nena is a bit perplexed and doesn't know quite what to say. As soon as the little girl goes back to her coloring, Nena takes all three crayons plus the Sky Blue and slides them into the front pocket of her red overalls. She smiles to herself as a sense of satisfaction comes over her, "Well, that's what you think."

Hope...Life Against the Odds

Story and Photos by Loretta Lutman

The lovely black butterfly, a Red Spotted Purple with blue iridescence, flits around the edges of the perennial patch, seemingly uninterested in flowers. It seems to be searching for something, slowly and deliberately going from plant to plant. The butterfly hovers around a wild cherry tree, finally settling on a leaf. The hunt is over.

Since butterflies taste with their feet, she knows this is the right plant. She lays an egg on the tip of the leaf. She slowly and deliberately lays five eggs, visiting a different branch for each. This process will be repeated many times over the next few days.

After completing this very important task, she may sip nectar from several sources during the rest of her short lifespan of two-to-three weeks.
In September, the scuppernong grapes and crabapples have ripened, rotting and fermenting where they fall on the ground. Trunks of damaged oak trees weep with bubbling, foaming sap.

These are two of the favorite nectar sources for the Red Spotted Purple, where she spends most of her days.

Her eggs are still on the tips of the wild cherry leaves. The eggs look like little round fuzzy beads. After about four days, the baby caterpillar inside the egg has chewed a hole to get out, then eats it all up. The caterpillar begins to eat the leaf on both sides of the center vein. After a few days, it ventures a little farther down the leaf. At the slightest disturbance, Caterpillar scurries back toward the tip of the leaf, where it remains until the danger is past.
When it is four days old, Caterpillar is too big for its skin, or exoskeleton. It sheds the exoskeleton, which is called molting. Then it rests for several hours, allowing the new skin to harden off before eating again.

Caterpillar begins to eat the leaf on both sides of center vein.

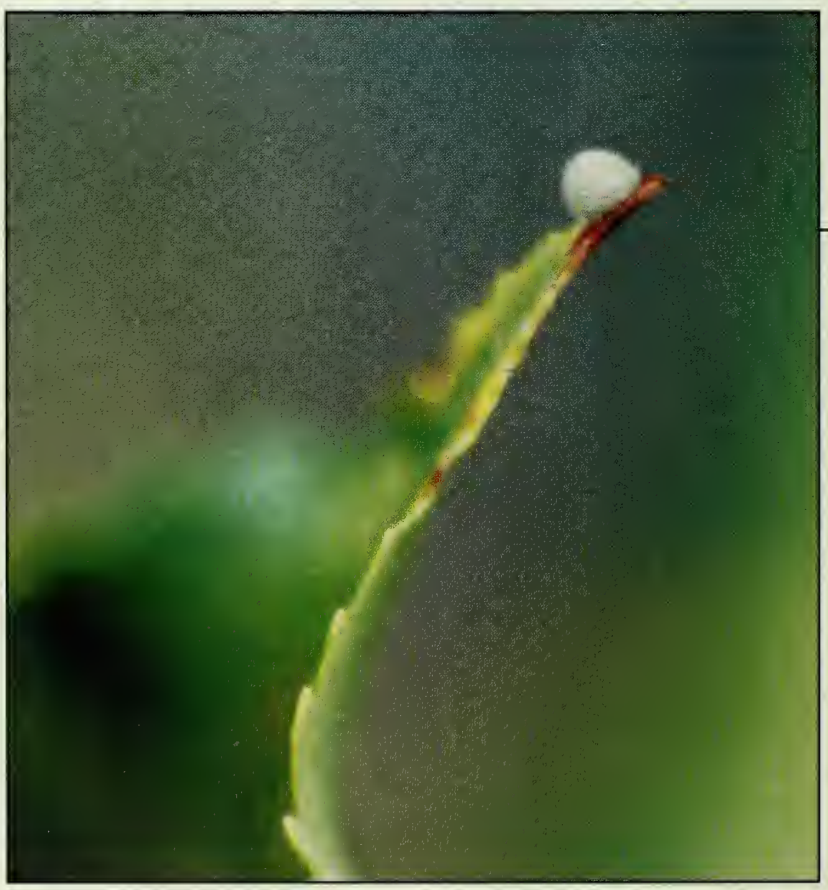
It eats off the end of the leaf, leaving a little edge of green at the base, close to the stem. It brings the edges closed into a little tube, securing it to the stem with silk. This is called a hibernaculum. Then Caterpillar does a peculiar thing. It crawls inside and disappears for the winter.

Dried leaves rustle and dance across the garden. The north wind is still blowing a few stubborn leaves from tree branches. Sparrows and snow birds hop over the garden floor looking for leftover flower seeds. Cardinals and mockingbirds fly to and from evergreen shrubs, plucking off brightly colored berries. Bluebirds perch on tree branches and sing softly to their bluebird friends.

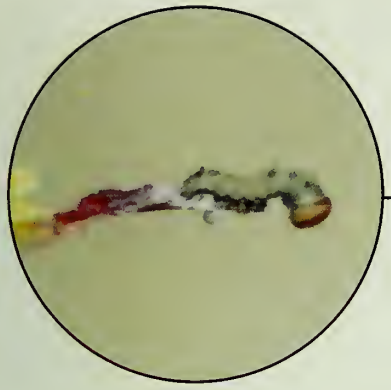
Even in winter the garden seems to bustle with activity. But, silently, snuggled safely inside the hibernaculum the tiny caterpillar sleeps.

In March, warm gentle breezes brush away winter time. Little green shoots appear on trees and shrubs. Spring has arrived.

From the hibernaculum our tiny friend, Caterpillar, reappears. And is it ever hungry! It eats and eats and eats, outgrowing its exoskeleton two more times. One day, it stops eating. It leaves the wild cherry and begins to roam around. After several hours, it finds a branch, seeming to like it there.



Red Spotted Purple butterfly egg on tip of wild cherry leaf. One out of every fifty butterflies survives.



Caterpillar scurries back to leaf tip until danger is past.

Caterpillar crawls inside and disappears for the winter.

Caterpillar creates a silken pad on the underside of the branch, then securely fastens itself to the pad.

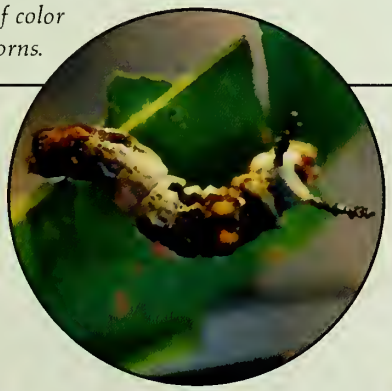
My, my, what will ever become of this poor little knobby creature with blotches of color and prickery horns?

After several hours, Caterpillar begins to move slightly, then vigorously as it casts off its last exoskeleton, taking on another shape. Even while watching, you ask yourself "how did THAT happen?" It is no longer a caterpillar. It is a chrysalis, suspended, waiting for what?

In two weeks, we have the answer. Our poor little knobby creature with blotches of color and prickery horns has metamorphosed into a spectacular lovely black butterfly, a Red Spotted Purple, with blue iridescence.

This butterfly, against the odds, is the only one of fifty to have survived a full life cycle.

Pour little knobby creature with blotches of color and prickery horns.



The chrysalis suspended: waiting for what?

A lovely black butterfly with blue iridescence.

Our Children: Their Future *(excerpt)*

by Thomas Berry

Our children need to learn gardening.
The reasons for this reach deep into their
mental and emotional as well into their physical lives.
Gardening is an active participation in the deepest
mysteries of the universe. By gardening our children
learn that they constitute with all growing things
a single community of life. They learn to nurture
and be nurtured in a universe that is always precarious
but ultimately benign. They learn profound reasons for
the seasonal rituals of the great religious traditions...

...If we can see the aurora,
then hopefully they can see the dawn.

Editors

Photo by Chuck Egerton

Selena Wolf is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who plans to attend UNC-G with a double major in English and art history.

Nick Logsdon is a General Occupational Technology student at RCC who plans to enter the nursing program. His poems "Small Dark Olivia" and "Winter - city" won first and second place in the RCC Writer's contest 2003.

Teresa B. Davis is an Associate in Arts student at RCC. She was named to Who's Who of American Junior Colleges 2003.

Shirley M. Davis is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who plans to attend UNC-G with a major in Spanish.

Denise C. Fisher is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who plans to major in English; she is also interested in pursuing photography and editing.

Kenneth Melvin is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who plans to attend UNC-G with a major in history.

Greg Van Hoose is a 1999 graduate of Advertising & Graphic Design at RCC. He is employed as RCC's Graphic/Web Designer. He is also layout and design editor of *Uwharrie Dreams* 2001-2003.

Jim Pickeral, Editor-in-Chief, is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who was one of the founding editors of *Uwharrie Dreams* in 2002. He is a volunteer firefighter, organic farmer, and writer whose orchard provides inspiration and peace.

Contributors

Laura Baber is a first-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC.

Linda Barnes is a first-year student in Interior Design at RCC.

Joe Bemis is a first-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC.

Thomas Berry, retired director of the graduate History of Religions program at Fordham University, is an activist for the earth. His works include *Dream of the Earth*, *The Universe Story*, and *The Great Work*. He visited the RCC campus in 1999 and 2003. His vision for a healthy planet requires the education of future generations for the task. "If we can see the aurora, then hopefully they can see the dawn."

Miranda Brown is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who plans to attend UNC-G and major in elementary education.

Hamilton Chesson is an arts student at UNC-C. He attended college transfer courses at RCC in the summer of 2002.

Mary Chesson is an English instructor at RCC and Departmental Chairman of General Education.

Chuck Egerton is a Photographic Technology instructor at RCC and coordinator of the Commercial Photography concentration. *Uwharrie Dreams* editors thank Chuck for his generous support in all seasons.

Katrin Eismann is "1/3 artist, 1/3 educator, 1/3 artist." She received the BRA degree from the Rochester Institute of Technology and the MFA degree from The School of Visual Arts, NYC. She visited the RCC campus in September 2002. "Too Soon" p. 16-17: "This image," Eismann says, "combines a 19th century medical illustration with a digital portrait of myself. There is no difference as we pass into dust." "Pioneer Message/Lie" p. 26: "We sent out this message in the Pioneer spacecraft that tries to convey that we are peaceful people. In reality we are down here killing one another. I filled the woman with the tombstones in Arlington National Cemetery and the men with numerous toy soldiers."

Rebecca Fleming is a high school senior in the dual enrollment program at RCC. Her poem "Piper's Call" won third place in the RCC Writer's Contest 2003.

Stacey Haines is a second-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC.

Michelle Hines is an English instructor at RCC.

Rhiannon Henley is an Art and Design student at RCC.

Lawrence Hammond is a retired Asheboro attorney and judge. He is poetry judge of the RCC Writer's Contest.

Mari Holt was an Associate in Arts student at RCC in 2002. She is currently pursuing an English major at Appalachian State University.

Melinda Lamb is an English instructor at RCC and advisor for *Uwharrie Dreams* 2001-2003.

Stace (Tony) Logsdon was a graphic design student at RCC 2000 - 2001. His pen and ink drawing "Inner Weather" is printed posthumously.

Danielle Lovelle is a first-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC.

Loretta Lutman dedicates her time and expertise at the NC Zoological Park butterfly garden and Hardee's Touch and Learn Center. She is currently writing a children's book on the life cycle of the butterfly. If anybody has questions about butterflies, ask Loretta Lutman; she's the 'butterfly lady.'

Karen Luther was an Associate in Arts student at RCC 2000 -2002. She is currently pursuing an art major at UNC-G.

David A. Paul was a student in Information Systems Technology at RCC in 2002.

Audrey Sheldon is an Art and Design instructor at RCC.

Carey Elizabeth Smith is a writer, gardener and educator living in Silk Hope. Her love of the natural world is a primary inspiration for her writing.

Lenton Slack, retired instructor of Interior Design at RCC, currently has a design shop in Asheboro.

Phil Shore is director of the Randolph County Arts Guild. He is short story judge of the RCC Writer's Contest.

Shaun Stanley is a 1983 graduate in Photographic Technology from RCC. He is currently a photographer with the Denver Post. His photograph, p. 24, was taken on assignment May 15, 2002 on the Bethlehem West Bank of Israel. The Israeli soldier with "the Look" was hunting for snipers at the siege of the Church of the Nativity.

Larry Stutz is a song writer, musician, and professional harmonica player living in Asheboro. He has written over 40 songs of varying genres. His song *Uwharrie Dreams* with a native American beat was played at the Tribute to Freedom Concert April 25. The song's refrain is below.

Amanda Tarlton is a first-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC.

Anthony Thompson is a student in Industrial Systems Technology at RCC. He is a National Guardsman currently serving in the Persian Gulf.

Jason Wright is an Associate in Arts student at RCC. He is a third-generation Randolph County farmer and proud of it.

Tribute To Freedom Concert

Gerald Hampton and Tim Allen
Photos by Chuck Egerton

Molasses Creek Band

Uwharrie Dreams hosted a Tribute to Freedom Concert April 25, 2003 with Common Threads. The concert honored students and faculty members who have been deployed to the Persian Gulf. The concert was made possible by contributions from Dr. Alan Luria, The Bill Thompson Fund, and the RCC Student Government Association. The concert was in memory of George (Ned) Tonkin who served as counselor at Randolph Community College from 1975 until his death in 2001 when he was Director of Special Services.

سلام

Salaam

"Uwharrie Dreams"
by Larry Stutz
(refrain from song, © 2003)

Ole man Uwharrie with shoulders so round
What heavy burdens have buried you down?
Borne through the ages on winds and in streams
Searching for Peace in his Uwharrie Dreams.

שלום

Shalom

CPT William Thompson
PFC Brandon Ellis

CPL Ricky Greene
CPL Andres Hernandez
LCPL Vance Jarrell
LCPL John Simmons

Thank You

SGT Justine Buxton
SPC Charlotte Flippin
SGT Tony Richardson
SPC Anthony Thompson
SGT Larry Williams

LTC Robert Shackleford
(duty in North Carolina)

Families of soldiers from RCC who were deployed to the Persian Gulf.